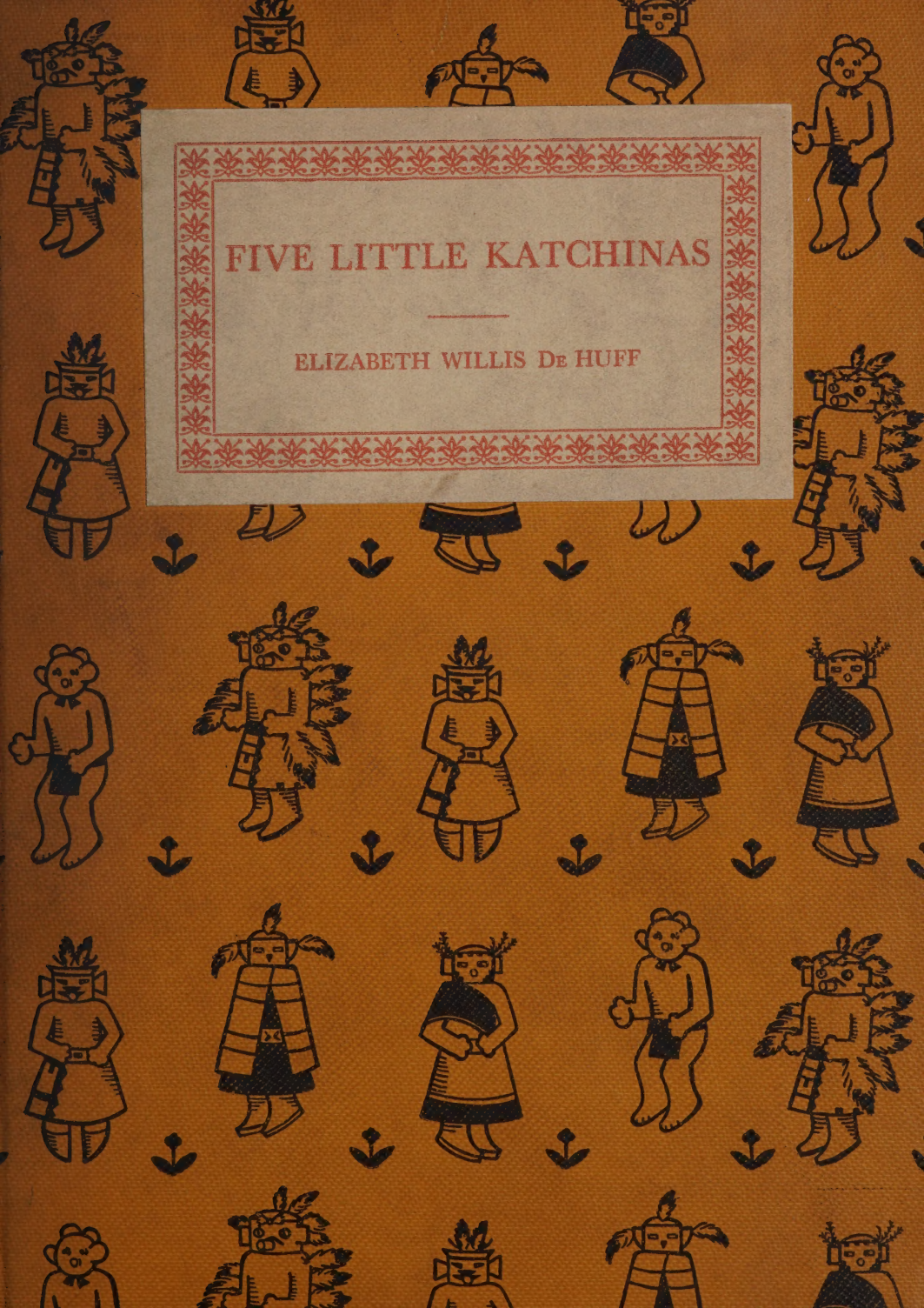

FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS

ELIZABETH WILLIS DE HUFF

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Five Little Katchinas

Blue-Flower and her brother often talked of the Great Katchinas who brought the Little Katchinas to the little Indian girls from the far-off Katchina World.

FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS

BY
ELIZABETH WILLIS DE HUFF

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRED KABOTIE

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TO

DAVID

AND ALL OTHER BOYS AND GIRLS

WHO LIKE TO READ ABOUT INDIANS

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FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS

PROLOGUE

THE DAY BEFORE THE KATCHINA DANCE

On this day in July, in the Indian village of Chimopovi, far away from the railroad in Arizona, Blue-Flower was hurrying through with her breakfast of corn meal mush.

She lived upon the second story of the long row of stone houses, and she was so busy watching her mother out on the roof of the house below — which was really Blue-Flower's front yard — that she kept burning her fingers by digging them too deeply into the hot mush.

Her mother, with great, long strokes of her bare arm, was whipping soap suds from soap weed roots in a big jar.

Through the small opening in the wall, the early morning sun sent a square of light, which spread over the clean-swept grinding stones and

then, glistening upon Blue-Flower's red calico dress, made it look warmer than it really was. She sat shivering upon the earthen floor, for early-

morning air away up in the Rocky Mountains is cool even in July, and she had so recently crept out of her warm blanket.

'Horned-toad-girl!' came a voice from a naked brown form in the doorway. It was Blue-Flower's

brother Shining-Drops. He never wore clothes, nor do any of the young Hopi Indian boys.

'*You* are not a horned-toad! You are a blue bird, up so early!' replied Blue-Flower. 'But you have gathered no seeds for winter!' She pointed with her lips to three little bunches of seed pods hanging together from one of the beams above her head, near a bunch of drying herbs.

Blue-Flower felt cross. She had let the Sun-god ride up over the mountain tops with his shining circle of light, before her lazy eyelids had opened. She had not wanted to miss a single moment of this wonderful day; this busy beehive day when every one in the village would be preparing for to-morrow. It was to-morrow that the men would dance all day with little wooden katchinas (kat-chee-nahs) and then give the katchinas to their daughters to hang upon the wall.

'You have been flitting about like a bird,' continued Blue-Flower. 'I know, then, that you have been seeing and hearing many things. But if you flit too much, you will grow tired and wish

that you, too, were more like a lazy horned-toad! Tah will punish you if you do not help, if you do not "gather seeds."

'He will not catch me!' replied Shining-Drops, thus confessing his shirking by this retort.

He sat down upon a sheep skin on the floor beside Blue-Flower and dipped his fingers, too, into her bowl of mush. Blue-Flower jerked the bowl away almost spilling its contents; then, thinking better of it, she put it back into her lap and allowed Shining-Drops to share her breakfast, for if she did not give him any of her mush, he would go away and not tell her anything. 'What kind of little katchina did Tah tell you the great Katchina will bring for me?'

'A katchina with a head like an eagle,' whispered Shining-Drops, who did not want his mother to hear, since she was no longer making a swishing sound with the soap suds, but was sweeping off the flat roof yard with pieces of brush tied together at one end. 'Tah said it was like the real Great Eagle Katchina!'

'O-oh!' exclaimed Blue-Flower. 'When he gives it to me after the ceremony to-morrow, I

shall have *five* katchinas!' She looked up on the wall where her other four katchinas were hanging below the pole-for-soft-things, and her brown eyes sparkled with joy.

They had no more time to whisper of what Shining-Drops had heard his Tah say, for at that moment their mother Yeah came to the door.

'Be like the deer, my Blue-Flower! Make your bowl like wind-swept rocks and put it away. We have corn to grind, bread like the cloud mists to bake and heads to wash in the deep suds I have whipped in the big jar. This is not the day for a horned-toad-girl!'

Twice now she had been called the horned-toad-girl! Blue-Flower glanced quickly at Shining-Drops, who stuck out his tongue at her and danced a jig behind his mother's back. Then he went running to the ladder to get away before his mother had given him a job to do, but he was not quick enough. She turned and saw him.

'You, Shining-Drops, go catch the donkey and bring me a load of wood!' Then it was Blue-Flower's turn to stick out her tongue and dance a jig.

She had been called a horned-toad-girl. She would *not* be a horned-toad! She would go like the eagle-boy that Tah said was coming to her! And she did.

All day Blue-Flower's hands were like a bee and her feet ran like the deer. She almost flew like an eagle-boy. She did many, many things and then she helped her mother grind the corn meal as fine as powder.

'Will you make bread like the clouds at sunset, Yeah?' she asked.

Yeah nodded her head. She put the meal into a pottery bowl and then taking tiny dried red leaves and flowers from an Indian basket in the little wall cupboard she sprinkled them on top of the meal. When she poured over this mixture hot water from a cooking jar in the fireplace, the corn meal became a beautiful pink.

Blue-Flower watching, began patting her feet as an accompaniment and sang:

'Like the go-to-sleep clouds
When the Sun rides home,
And the little birds wing
To their nests in the rocks,

Cloud breasted,
Like the mountains that stand
With the color of sky,
Bidding the Sun hurry back
Bye-and-bye.'

Yeah smiled. She liked to see Blue-Flower so happy.

All this time a large, flat stone had been heating in the fireplace and Yeah spread the thin corn meal batter over this stone to bake. When it had

cooked and she peeled it off, it was a thin sheet like pink tissue paper. Blue-Flower, kneeling beside her, rolled these sheets of *piki* (peekee) and then flattened the rolls.

'When we dip up our stew to-morrow, Yeah, with this piki like clouds at sunset, it will taste like food for katchinas!' Yeah smiled again.

It was a short day to Blue-Flower. Her hands had been so like the bee and her feet so like the deer, that before she knew it, the go-to-sleep clouds had gathered rosily in the west, and she had finished her supper of tortillas, baked on the same hot stone in the fireplace, and a bowl of stewed dried corn.

Down from the pole-for-soft-things, she jerked her blanket, giving the pole such a dreadful lurch that she almost pulled it down at one end. As she wrapped herself into the blanket to go to sleep, she looked up at her four little katchinas hanging on the wall.

To-morrow night, after the great Home Dance is over, I shall have five little katchinas hanging there. This thought left a smile upon her lips as Blue-Flower went to sleep.

CHAPTER I

THE FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS WAKE UP

SURE enough, on the next evening, five little Katchinas (Kat-chee-nahs) were hanging on the wall when Blue-Flower rolled herself in her red and blue Indian blanket and went to sleep on the mud floor of her little stone house.

Blue-Flower had named the boy Katchinas Deer, Eagle, and Mud-Head.

The girls were Corn-Tassel and Squash-Blossom.

Blue-Flower's father had carved all of these little people of wood, and they wore beautiful wooden dresses painted blue and green and red and black, with feathers on their heads. All except Mud-Head, who wore a funny pair of trousers that flapped in the front and flapped in the back and the trousers had no legs at all.

His head was really made of mud, so he had *no sense* at all. He had bumped it so many, many times that his poor head had big lumps all about on it.

There on the white wall, below a long pole-

for-soft-things hung the Katchinas, as Blue-Flower went to sleep, and she laughed at their little snouty noses.

Then when all was silent and Blue-Flower was fast asleep, the string that held one end of the long pole-for-soft-things popped in two, and down, down, down slipped the pole.

Bump, it knocked against Eagle; *bump*, it hit Deer and *bump*, *bump*, *bump*, it bumped each little Katchina. Then *thump*, *thump*, *thump*, *thump*, *thump*, their feet struck the mud floor.

Wiggle-waggle shook the little wooden heads until they shook wide awake.

Eagle looked at Deer. Deer looked at Squash-

Blossom. Squash-Blossom looked at Corn-Tassel. Only Mud-Head kept wabbling without looking at anybody.

Mud-Head opened his mouth and shut his mouth. He opened his mouth and shut his mouth, two or three times. He jerked his head in surprise, and his throat said, 'Ah, ah!' The sound frightened him so that he began to wiggle-waggle all over again and sat right down. The wall bumped his head, so he began to rub it, and when he found all the lumps on it he said, 'Ah, ah!' all over again.

When the other Katchinas saw what Mud-Head had done when he opened his mouth, they began to open and shut their mouths, too.

Then suddenly Eagle cried: 'We're . . . we're . . . we're just like real Indians!'

'So . . . so . . . so we are,' gurgled Corn-Tassel, working her throat just as a chicken does when it is swallowing a too-big chunk of food.

'And . . . And . . . And I'm hungry . . . so . . . eh . . . eh . . . eh . . . hungry my tummy aches,' managed Deer, after wiggling his tongue and throat most awfully.

'Th . . . th . . . th . . . then we must make some corn cakes like those Blue-Flower makes,' gasped Squash-Blossom.

They were all so surprised and so pleased that they could talk. But how could they move?

The Katchinas all put out one foot. *Ka-plop*, they tumbled together, bumping their wooden dresses. They grabbed each other by the shoulders to keep from falling all the way down. After that they were afraid to try to walk alone. Still holding to each other, they put out the other foot and stepped upon it, but they swayed from side to side. They held tight so they didn't fall. That made them braver, so out they put the other foot.

Hooray, they really could walk!

'Look at Mud-Head!' cried Deer.

Mud-Head was still sitting down rubbing his lumps.

'Get up, Mud-Head! Put out your foot and walk!' exclaimed Deer, who was feeling very clever himself.

Mud-Head, who is always agreeable, got up and put out his foot. Then he didn't know what

to do next. He pushed the same foot out a little farther and a little farther until it would not go any farther and over he tumbled.

'Get up and try again,' suggested Squash-Blossom.

Once more Mud-Head got up and put out his foot.

'Now put out the other one.'

Out went the other one. Mud-Head was so pleased to find himself walking that he did the worst thing he could have done, he looked down to watch his feet. Of course they got all tangled up and he did not know which one went forward next, so over he toppled.

'Let's help him!' So Deer and Eagle held Mud-Head's arms and counted 'One, two, one, two,' until he could walk.

How were they going to grind the corn to make the cakes, wondered the Katchinas? The grinding stones were far too big for them. So they sat down and thought and thought and thought; all except Mud-Head, who has no brains with which to think

But . . . in the mean time, Mud-Head went over to investigate the stones. He climbed up behind the big stone, leaned over, and pushed hard against the little stone on top that grinds. He was pushing against it, you see, just to be pushing; but he pushed so hard that he not only made the little stone go sliding down the big stone, he went somersaulting down behind it.

'Oh,' cried Corn-Tassel, 'look at Mud-Head. He knows how to grind only he isn't strong enough. He has fallen down. But we can all grind together. We will all together be strong enough. And Mud-Head can scatter the corn!'

With much pushing and much tugging the

Katchinas shoved the little grinding stone back up to the top of the big stone.

Next they all climbed up behind the big stone and leaned over, waiting to push down the little stone as soon as Mud-Head should scatter corn over the big stone to be mashed. For, of course, there must be some corn there to grind between the two stones.

But Mud-Head sat happily upon the foot of the grinding stone, stuffing corn grains into his mouth, instead of scattering them to be ground.

The Katchinas were most uncomfortable. Their tummies were being mashed so hard that they were growing all red in the face.

'Stop, Mud-Head, don't eat them! Scatter

them!' cried Eagle, with his face growing redder as he talked.

And Mud-Head, who always does what he is told, scattered the corn grains over the big stone.

'One, two, three, ready, go!' called Eagle.

All together they gave the little stone a shove. Down the slope it raced, pulling Corn-Tassel, Squash-Blossom, Deer, and Eagle behind it, for they had not turned it loose quickly enough.

Faster and faster it slid, scratching the pretty paint on the beautiful wooden dresses and skinning the Katchinas' little snouty noses.

Mud-Head, who was just at that moment leaning over with an armful of corn grains, was struck by the sliding stone right on his lumpy head. Over and over he somersaulted in front of it as the others somersaulted behind.

Bam! Bam-a-lam-lam, they all bumped at the bottom of the big grinding stone: Mud-Head, the little stone, the other Katchinas, and corn! What a mixture as there was!

But up they jumped, all except Mud-Head, and the stone of course, and began laughing at each other's funny, scratched noses.

Mud-Head had another lump on his head, which he had to rub.

'Look!' Squash-Blossom began clapping her hands. 'The stone mashed enough corn for our corn cake!'

She ran around the side of the stones for the brush and the bowl that Blue-Flower used.

Up she jumped on the big stone and while the others held the bowl, Squash-Blossom swept the corn meal into it, just as Blue-Flower always did.

CHAPTER II

THE FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS GET A SHOWER-BATH

THE five little Katchinas had filled their brown Indian bowl, that had black deer dancing around it, with the corn meal, and now they were ready to make the corn cake.

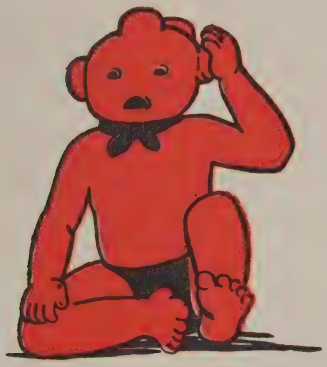
'We must have some salt and some water to mix with the meal,' said Corn-Tassel, as she bounced around with excitement.

The salt they could easily get, for it was right there on the floor in another brown bowl; but the great, black water jar was far too high to reach into and far too slippery to climb.

The Katchinas all sat down to think; all except Mud-Head. He couldn't think because his head is only made of mud. The others were block heads, you see, because they were made of wood. Mud-Head just sat down because the others sat down.

'We must get Spider-Woman to climb up for us,' exclaimed Deer.

They looked and looked and looked, but they couldn't find Spider-Woman anywhere. So standing around the jar, looking at it wistfully, the Katchinas began to think and think again.



While the others were thinking Mud-Head wanted to see what was in that big jar they were all looking at. What should he do but grab Eagle about the neck and climb up on his shoulders. He wiggle-waggled against the shiny jar, making poor Eagle wiggle-waggle, too, but still he was not tall enough to see inside. He almost wiggled off his high perch when he shook his head and made his throat say, 'Ah, ah!'

'Oh, look at Mud-Head,' exclaimed Corn-Tassel. 'He has showed us a way to get the

water. We shall have to stand on each other's shoulders. Then the top one will be tall enough to reach the water in the jar.'

'Mud-Head is the lightest, so he must be on top,' said Deer. 'And Eagle is the strongest for the bottom.'

So Eagle propped himself against the slippery black water jar. Deer climbed upon Eagle's shoulders. Squash-Blossom climbed upon Deer's shoulders and Corn-Tassel, after much pulling and slipping, for the taller they grew the harder it was to keep from tumbling over, managed to reach the top.

Then came Mud-Head. When he began to climb up, he was so clumsy he pulled too hard on the right side. That made the high tower of Katchinas sway away over ready to tumble down. They tried to hold to the slippery black jar, but it was so smooth they couldn't catch hold of it.

They squealed and squealed as they went farther and farther sideways. Over and over they were slipping when Mud-Head pulled on the other side to climb higher. That saved them. Up again they stood, erect against the slippery

black jar, with their arms straight out against it.

Mud-Head kept on pulling first one side and then the other, keeping the Katchinas squealing all the while, 'You'll pull us over!'

Finally he pulled Corn-Tassel so hard that she slipped to her knees with a scream. At last he reached the top.

But alas! . . . he had forgotten to take up the gourd dipper, because nobody had told him. He had nothing to get the water in, so he began to wiggle-waggle. He always wiggle-waggled when he tried to think, because he has nothing with which to think, you see.

With each wiggle-waggle, the Katchinas swayed this way and that way against the slippery black jar. With each sway they squealed.

'Get down quick, Mud-Head,' cried Corn-Tassel, 'or we'll fall!'

If no one had reminded him to get down, Mud-Head might have stayed up there forever; but when he was told to do a thing he always did it. So now he climbed down quickly and saved the Katchinas from falling.

'Now climb up again, Mud-Head, *with the*

dipper,' said Eagle, all choking with so many Katchinas on his shoulders. He was just about to break in two. A wee, tiny little crack did creak down his wooden back.

When Mud-Head climbed up again, with all the slipping and bumping and swaying and squealing that he caused, he dipped the gourd into the slippery black jar and filled it with water.

The dipper was very heavy then; too heavy for him to lift.

Mud-Head pulled and tugged and tugged and pulled until he got the dipper up to the edge of the slippery black jar. Then he gave a great jerk.

The edge of the gourd caught against the edge of the jar and out poured the water. It splashed against Mud-Head's top-knot, wearing away the whole mud lump that he had got from falling on the grinding stones.

Down splashed the water, over Corn-Tassel's dress, smearing the beautiful painted-on embroidery. On down over Squash-Blossom's feathers; down into Deer's eyes, because he

F. Kaburagi

was looking up, and into Eagle's mouth because he was about to say something.

Deer had to blink and blink before he could see again and Eagle gug-gug-gurgled and sput-sput-sputtered so that he almost toppled everybody off of his shoulders. They all had to jump down quickly. It was such a big jump that down they fell in a heap with Mud-Head straddling the pile, holding tight to the gourd . . . *right side up*. Wasn't that lucky?

All jumped up and looked inside the gourd. Hooray! There was enough water left to mix with the corn meal to make the corn cake, for, of course, a whole dipper full was not needed.

When they saw the water, the Katchinas forgave Mud-Head for giving them the wetting. But they would not trust him any longer with the gourd. He might turn it upside down.

When they took the gourd away, Mud-Head stood rubbing the spot where the lump had been washed away. He was not sure what had happened.

'Don't worry, Mud-Head!' Deer consoled him. 'You have only lost a lump. You have lumps

enough left. You might easily spare a few more.'

Then Mud-Head stopped rubbing.

Deer and Eagle poured the water into the bowl of meal while Corn-Tassel, Squash-Blossom, and Mud-Head leaned far over the edge of the bowl, with their legs dangling in the air, to mix the water into the meal until it was all ready to be baked.

Just then Corn-Tassel and Squash-Blossom jumped off the outside. That shook Mud-Head, who wasn't expecting such a trick, and over he tumbled into the inside.

There he stood on his head, smothering in the corn batter; kicking his legs furiously in the air. He sputtered so to get his breath that he made bubbles bounce up in the batter.

Deer and Eagle pulled him out as quickly as they could, but Mud-Head had already lost his breath. They had to work his arms up and down, up and down, until he could breathe again.

Mud-Head looked so funny with his head covered with corn meal that the Katchinas had to laugh.

'Oh, dear,' said Corn-Tassel, 'we can't wash

it off, for the water would wash away his mud head, too!'

'Just let it dry,' suggested Eagle, 'and then perhaps it will dust off.'

'We must get to work,' cried Deer, 'and bake the corn cakes.'

They picked up the bowl and struggled with it to the fireplace. All except Mud-Head. By the time he saw what the others were doing it was too late for him to help, for they had already reached the fireplace.

CHAPTER III

THE FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS GO ADVENTURING

When the Katchinas looked into the fireplace there was no fire; nothing but cold, dead ashes.

The Katchinas looked at each other without a smile. They were so disappointed!

'We must make a fire,' said Eagle. 'Where are the fire sticks?' Because, of course, there were no matches in the stone house.

Each Katchina shook his head and her head; and because Mud-Head saw the others saying no, he shook his head, too, but he forgot to stop when they stopped. He kept shaking it and shaking it until he fell over from dizziness.

'See who can find the sticks,' suggested Eagle.

They all ran searching. All except Mud-Head. He just ran around and around in a circle in the middle of the floor, shaking his head; until he stumped his toe and shook all the dried corn meal off his head, the corn meal that had stuck there when he fell into the mixing bowl.

Squash-Blossom ran into the storing closet,

but it was too dark in there to see. Eagle went behind the big, black, slippery water jar and Corn-Tassel looked behind the door. Nobody could find them.

Mud-Head, who was still running around and around shaking his head, suddenly stumbled against something in the corner beside the fireplace. Down he tumbled with a clattering behind him. It was the fire sticks!

'Oh, here are the fire sticks!' called Deer. 'Mud-Head has stumbled upon them!'

The other Katchinas all jumped around Mud-Head, clapping their hands, so Mud-Head jumped and clapped his hands, too.

'But we must have some straw from a mouse's nest to catch the fire spark,' said Squash-Blossom.

'Then we must find the home of Mouse-Woman,' said Deer, as he ran toward the door.

'What Mouse-Woman?' asked Squash-Blossom.

'The Mouse-Woman that slips under the door every night to nibble the grains of corn while Blue-Flower is asleep,' answered Deer.

'She must live in a hole in the ground,' suggested Corn-Tassel, as she followed Deer to the door.

The other Katchinas followed, too, and they all put their shoulders against the door and gave it a great shove.

Open flew the door. Out tumbled the Katchi-

nas, out on the roof, for the door of this house opened out on the roof of another house.

Over and over, roly-poly, the Katchinas rolled. Mud-Head bump, bump, bumped, making all of the lumps on his head bigger than ever. Then when they had stopped roly-polying, the Katchinas all jumped up to laugh at this joke on each other. Mud-Head stopped rubbing his lumps to laugh also.

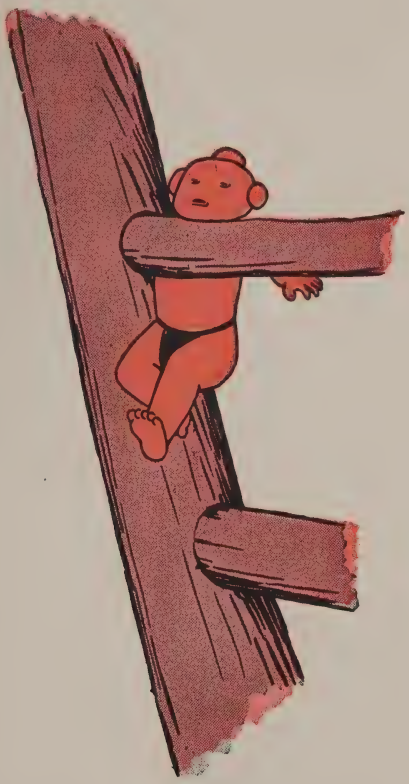
They ran to the edge of the roof to find the ladder. How could they ever get down the ladder, they wondered? The rungs were much too far apart for them to climb down.

'Oh, Mud-Head, don't go so near! Come back!' squealed Corn-Tassel, for Mud-Head had stepped onto the top rung of the ladder, and there he stood wiggle-waggling from side to side.

When Corn-Tassel squealed, it startled Mud-Head and his feet slipped off the ladder.

Flop! he sat on the rung and off of the rung he was slipping. Frantically he grabbed the ladder pole with his arms to keep from plunging to the ground. Down the pole he shot, like fire-

men going down a fire-escape; until halfway down his chin caught on a rung.



There he hung, choking, with his legs waving violently in the air.

'Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do? Mud-Head is choking!' cried the girls.

But Eagle had not waited for them to cry out.

As soon as Mud-Head got caught, Eagle grabbed the ladder pole with his arms and legs and down he swooped upon Mud-Head.

He reached out and unfastened Mud-Head's chin.

Then *zip!* down they both slipped to the bottom. Mud-Head sat *ka-flop* upon the ground and Eagle slid right into his lap.

'Come down the way I did,' called Eagle to the others.

The girls were afraid until they saw how easily Deer slid down. Then after counting 'Ahwi-eewi' who should go first, they slid down, too; but their feathers blew away and they almost lost their breath.

Off they all ran to look for Mouse-Woman's hole.

'Oh, here it is!' cried Deer, who was in the lead.

'What a big hole for such a little mouse!' said Corn-Tassel, who was right behind him.

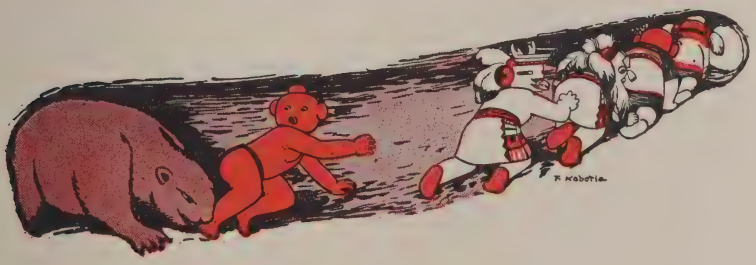
Into the hole the Katchinas crawled. Oo . . . oo, it was dark! It was long, too. They crawled and crawled.

'*Kak-kak-kak-kak!*' A great big black some-

thing barked at them. Another great big black something ran up and barked with him. Prairie Dogs! With sharp teeth to bite.

Deer and Eagle and Corn-Tassel and Squash-Blossom turned and scampered out as fast as they could scramble.

Mud-Head just stood still with his mouth open. He didn't know what was happening until the Prairie Dogs nibbled his toes. Then he, too, scuffled out as fast as he could, with the Prairie Dogs barking behind him and nipping his trousers.



'Oh, that was terrible!' exclaimed Corn-Tassel.

'Aw, it could have been worse,' teased Deer, as he fell upon the ground. 'We might have been eaten alive!'

The Katchinas were panting so and their hearts were going so *pitty-patty* that they had to

sit down to rest. All except Mud-Head. He kept on running, though the Prairie Dogs had gone back down into their hole.

All at once Mud-Head's foot slipped into a hole and down he thumped, making a new lump on his lumpy mud head. He sat up and looked at the hole, for his foot was still in it.

'Look!' cried Eagle, 'Mud-Head has found a little hole. Maybe it is Mouse-Woman's house!'

'Perhaps it is,' agreed Squash-Blossom, 'but we had better knock at the door this time before we go in.'

'We should have to knock anyway,' laughed Deer, 'for we couldn't get into this hole even if we wanted to.'

And so they couldn't.

Eagle, who was nearest, *knock, knock, knocked* at the edge of the hole.

Up ran Mouse-Woman to see who was there, for it really was her home.

'Why, here are the little Katchinas,' she exclaimed with much surprise. 'What can I do for you?'

'Please, Mouse-Woman,' began Corn-Tassel, 'we should like a bunch of straw from your nest so that we can make a fire to bake our corn cakes. If you will give us some straw we'll bake you a cake.'

'Certainly you shall have it.' And Mouse-Woman ran down into her hole and brought up a bunch of straw in her teeth.

'Thank you!' said the Katchinas as they accepted it and ran back to climb the ladder.

They had to climb up the pole, which was very slippery, so they had to get behind each other and push. Deer helped Corn-Tassel while Eagle helped Squash-Blossom. Then the boys helped each other by pushing and pulling.

No one had to help Mud-Head, for the thing that real Mud-Heads can do best of all things is to climb a slippery pole.

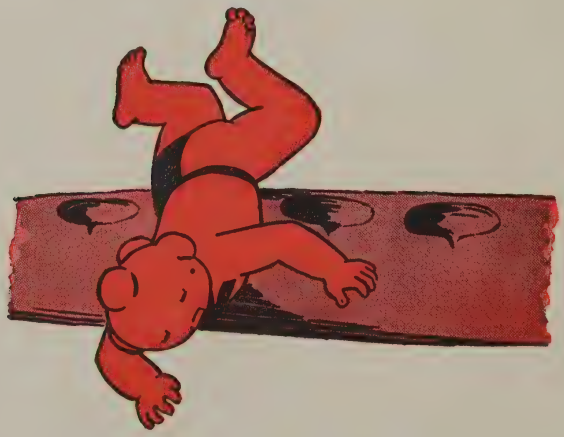
CHAPTER IV

THE FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS RIDE A MERRY-GO-ROUND

THE five little Katchinas put down the bunch of straw that Mouse-Woman had given them from her nest. Then they laid the fire sticks down on the floor beside it.

How *do* the fire sticks work? they wondered.

Deer was studying the flat stick with funny burnt-looking holes in it, so Mud-Head wanted



to see it also. The clumsy-bus stepped right on the stick and into a hole his foot slipped.

The hole was so smooth and so polished that

Mud-Head spun around like a top; and then away he shot to the side of the room with a *bang!* Poor Mud-Head, he mashed the top of a lump all flat!

The other Katchinas were so busy they didn't notice him. They were so used to Mud-Head's falling.

'Oh, the standing-up stick turns around in that hole the way Mud-Head did,' cried Squash-Blossom, who began dancing with excitement over the discovery Mud-Head had made. 'Now I remember! I saw Blue-Flower's father put mouse straw under that hole.'

So the Katchinas all together put the big stick-with-a-hole-in-it over the straw. With much pushing and puffing and straining and tugging, they stood the up-and-down stick in the hole.

Then they found that there was another stick tied across that up-and-down stick. What was that for? They stood holding the up-and-down stick, wondering what the across-stick was for.

Mud-Head, who always wiggle-waggles whenever he has a fall, began to walk wiggle-waggle across the room to see what the others were doing.

What should happen, but that one of the lumps

on his noggin should catch against the across-stick. This made Mud-Head stagger and the stick turn. Around and around he staggered, turning the stick all the while. He couldn't get loose because he was so staggery.

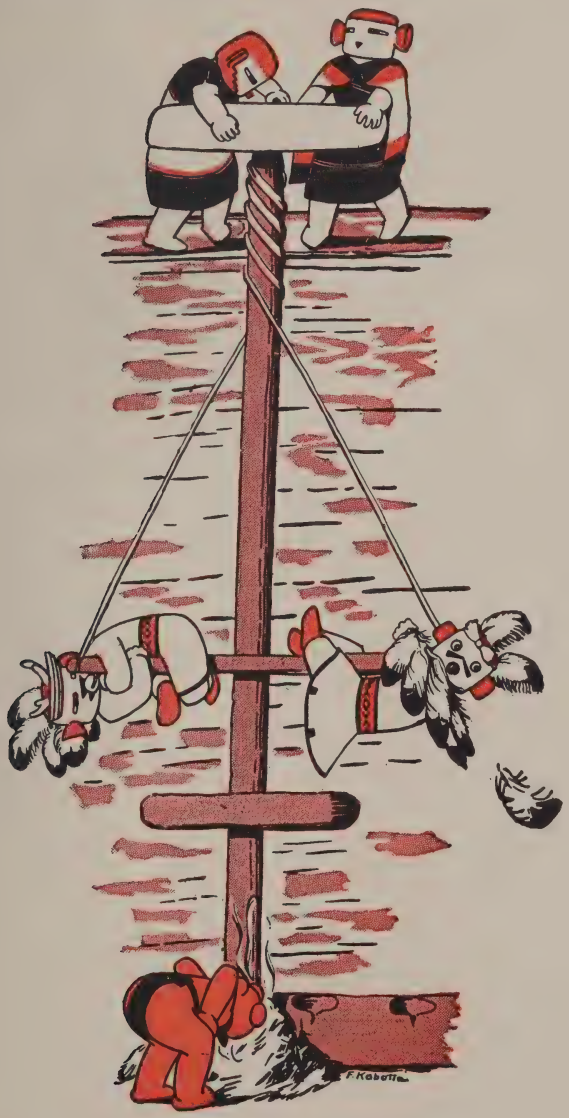
The going-around of the across-stick naturally made the up-and-down stick twirl around in the Katchinas' hands, because they were tied together, you see.

The up-and-down stick was twirling just as it should twirl to make fire, twirling like the pole of a merry-go-round. There ran Mud-Head pushing the merry-go-round with his lump, showing the Katchinas how to make fire without meaning to.

Now that the Katchinas knew how the sticks worked they shouted, 'Hooray!'

'Hold tight, I'm going to turn loose and help Mud-Head,' warned Eagle. So Eagle stooped down and grabbed Mud-Head quickly and pulled him away from the across-stick. He did it so suddenly that the whole business almost toppled over.

Next they arranged who should work the sticks. Deer and Eagle leaned on the up-and-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down stick to hold it straight up, while Corn-Tassel and Squash-Blossom climbed up to hold it from the top. As the string holding the across-stick wound and unwound around the pole, the across-stick would go away up and then come away down. Deer and Eagle had a hard time catching it. When they did, they had to cling to it with both arms and legs with all their might. There was no one left but Mud-Head to blow, for some one had to blow the straw.

'Lie down flat on your tummy, Mud-Head,' said Eagle, 'and watch the mouse straw. When the sticks get hot, a spark will fall in the straw. As soon as the spark of fire falls in the straw, blow that spark into a flame!'

That was too much for Mud-Head to remember, but he did lie down on his tummy and look at the straw.

'Blow hard, Mud-Head,' warned Deer, 'blow just as hard as you can!'

Of course, Deer meant for Mud-Head to wait until the spark came; but of course, Mud-Head began at once to blow and blow and blow as hard as he could.

The up-and-down pole twirled and spun and spun and twirled like a top, getting hotter and faster and faster and hotter all the time. It grew so hot that sparks began to come. Into the straw fell a bright spark.

Up and down, up and down jiggled Deer and Eagle until they jiggled right off onto the floor.

All of the sticks tumbled over with them, pulling Corn-Tassel and Squash-Blossom, too. The Katchinas spilled in a heap against the wall, like playing 'pile on.'

While the Katchinas and the sticks were all tumbling in a heap, Mud-Head blew and blew and blew.

The spark in the straw made smoke. The smoke made a flame. The smoke also made one side of Mud-Head's noggin all black; but he did not stop blowing.

When Deer and Eagle scuffled up from the heap they were lying in and saw the flame, they ran to it, laughing and clapping their hands.

They soon stopped laughing, though, for there lay poor Mud-Head with his head burning in the flame. His legs were kicking and squirming

as if the fire had legs and was trying to run away sideways like a crab. They could scarcely see his noodle at all.

As soon as they could trap them in their arms, Deer and Eagle caught the kicking feet. With a jerk they drew Mud-Head out of the flame. His head of mud had baked into a pot, a brown pot, all smoked on one side.

'Never mind, Mud-Head,' consoled Squash-Blossom, 'you can wash your face now without washing away all your mud head.'

'But be careful from now on,' warned Deer, 'that you do not break your topknot when you tumble down! It isn't soft to make lumps as it used to be.'

Deer and Eagle threw the burning straw under

some sticks of wood in the fireplace. Soon there was a nice big fire heating the cooking stones.

'Come on, girls,' they cried, 'spread the corn batter on the stones to bake!'

'We must divide it first,' replied the girls.

Corn-Tassel divided the corn meal batter into six equal parts.

Each Katchina patted his share of the batter into a corn cake for himself and Corn-Tassel patted the extra share into a cake for Mouse-Woman.

'Ouch!' cried Eagle, after he had put his cake on the hot stone. 'I burned my fingers!' He blew his fingers and shook his hand to make the burning feel cooler.

Mud-Head's cake was covered with lumps like his head, but he ate it and said, 'Ah! ah!' when Squash-Blossom offered him a piece of hers.

When they had finished eating, they set out to take the cake to Mouse-Woman, as they had promised.

The first hole they came to, of course, was the Prairie Dog's home. And what did Mud-Head do, but walk right into it again!

Eagle dashed after him and grabbed the back part of his flapping trousers.

'Come back, Mud-Head,' he whispered. 'Don't you remember how the Prairie Dogs in here nibbled your toes?'

Mud-Head didn't remember, of course, because he has no brains at all to remember with, but since he always does what he is told to do, he ran back outside with Eagle.

As he came out so hurriedly, Mud-Head bumped right into Corn-Tassel, who was carrying the corn cake, and almost spilled Mouse-Woman's cake right down on the ground. If Deer hadn't grabbed it, down it would have fallen. Then the Katchinas couldn't have kept their promise.

When Mouse-Woman came up to answer their knock upon her door, she was so happy to see the delicious corn cake that she showed all of her teeth in a smile.

Her teeth looked so white and so sharp that Mud-Head thought she was just showing them to him. He put his finger into her mouth to feel them.

When Mouse-Woman quickly said, 'Thank you!' she bit off the tip end of Mud-Head's longest finger.

He jumped and squealed as if he were really hurt. But since his finger was only made of wood, it didn't hurt at all.

CHAPTER V

THE FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS DANCE AN INDIAN DANCE

THE five little Katchinas felt so happy after they had eaten their corn cakes that Eagle began to whoop and jig.

'That corn cake was so delicious I feel like dancing,' he exclaimed as he bounced around.

Then, of course, Mud-Head began to jump up and down and to whoop, too. He jumped so high that he dived head foremost and his baked head struck the drum belonging to Blue-Flower's father with a *thump!*

'There!' exclaimed Deer, 'hear Mud-Head play the drum. That's a good idea. We must have music. Let's take the drum outside and have a dance the way the Indians do!'

The Katchinas all ran to the drum, while Mud-Head stood wiggle-waggling as usual.

The drum was so big that they had to push and tug and tug and push to get it out of the door.

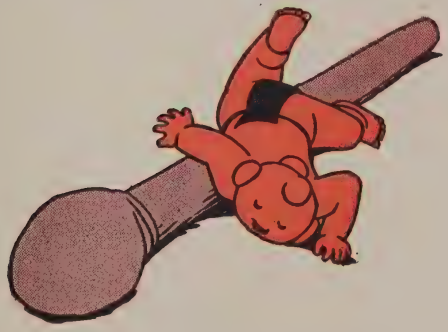
'*Humph!*' grunted one of them, from the awful strain of pushing. '*Humph, humph!*' grunted another and another.

'How shall we get it down the ladder?' asked Corn-Tassel between gasps. She was so out of breath from pushing.

'I'm sure I don't know,' replied Deer.

'Neither do I,' chorused the others.

Mud-Head, who was bringing out the drumstick, as he had been told to do, got the end of it caught between his knees and over he fell,



pushing the drum over with him. Away they rolled to the top of the ladder; Mud-Head bumping against the drum at every roll. Down the ladder they plunged.

The Katchinas grabbed, but they couldn't

catch them. They went rolling too fast. Mud-Head turned so rapidly he looked like a long twirling stick.

Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump bumped the drum against the rungs as it rolled down. At each *thump* the Katchinas held their breath for fear the drum would burst in two; and they expected nothing to be left of Mud-Head but tiny broken bits.

He probably would have been broken into bits if his legs had not got tangled around a rung of the ladder, so that he hung upon it like an acrobat in a circus hanging by his knees.

He dangled there, swinging back and forth in a most alarming manner, when the Katchinas climbed down to untangle him. Then they hurried down after the drum, which had kept on rolling when it reached the ground.

It rolled so fast that run as fast as they could the Katchinas couldn't overtake it.

It might have been rolling yet and bouncing high over pebbles, had it not bumped against a big stone, where it stopped so suddenly that it bounced back. The chasing Katchinas couldn't

stop themselves. They *kah-blumped* right into it!

Mud-Head struck it so hard that he turned a backward somersault and chipped a lump off of his pottery head. Perhaps if the lump hadn't been there, he would have broken his head instead.

'We'll have to roll it back,' panted Eagle.

And so they did.

Then they pushed and pulled and pulled and pushed until they set it on end. They worked so hard that their little faces became all beaded with perspiration.

Next they lifted Deer until he could climb on top with the big, fat drumstick.

'Can you beat it, Deer?' called the others.

'I think so!'

With all his might Deer lifted the big, fat stick and down it pounded on the great drum. *Boom!* it rolled like thunder. It trembled so that it made Deer's teeth chatter and shook him into a jig. But he kept on beating.

'Now for the dance,' called Eagle. And he, Corn-Tassel, and Squash-Blossom all began dancing like the Indians.

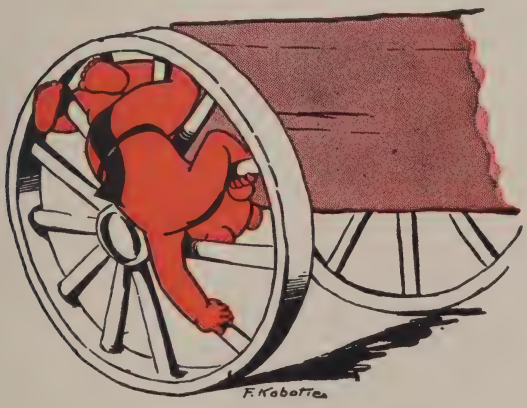
'Mud-Head isn't doing anything but wiggle-waggling and watching us,' suddenly exclaimed Eagle.

'Don't you know that you are the clown, Mud-Head?' Squash-Blossom asked him. 'You must do funny tricks the way the real Mud-Heads do in real Indian dances!'

'*Ah! ah!*' replied Mud-Head, because, of course, he couldn't say words since he has no sense at all.

Mud-Head didn't know how to be funny, so he just jumped up and down and backward and forward as high as he could.

Blue-Flower's little wagon that her father had made for her was standing near by. When Mud-Head made one of his high leaps, his feet jumped right between the spokes of a hind wheel.



The wagon began to roll down hill. To save himself, Mud-Head grabbed the opposite spokes with his hands and stuck his head between the spokes, as on and on he rolled.

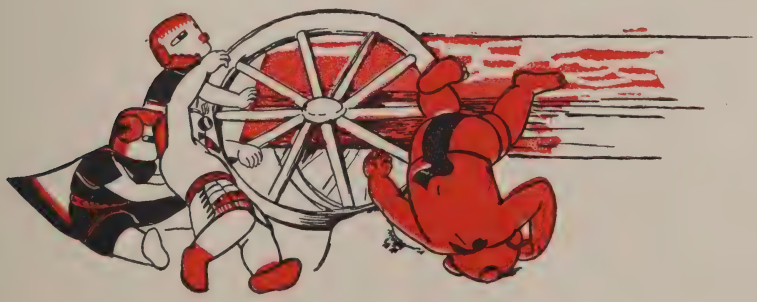
All this time Deer was beating and jiggling on top of the drum.

The hill was so steep that the wagon kept going faster and faster, whirling Mud-Head around so fast that he didn't look like a Mud-Head at all. His head was almost being broken off between the hard spokes.

'Oh look! Mud-Head is doing the way the really truly Indian Mud-Heads do,' cried Eagle.

Eagle, Corn-Tassel, and Squash-Blossom went running after the wagon. Deer was so high up that he couldn't see, so he kept beating and jiggling on top of the drum.

Eagle was in the lead; and what should he do but stump his toe and fall down! On ran Corn-Tassel just behind him. Over him she tripped, bumping her nose. Squash-Blossom sprawled



over them both. All together they went rolling down hill behind the wagon, until all stopped with a jolting *kah-plump, kah-plump, kah-plump* against that same rock where the drum had stopped.

When the Katchinas got up, their heads were spinning like tops. They couldn't walk straight. They went along zigzag, especially poor Mud-Head, who had to be helped along to keep from running around and around in a circle.

Deer had been beating and jiggling so long on the drum that he couldn't stand up another minute. Down he tumbled with a *boom* on the drum to rest. His head felt as if it had almost jiggled itself off of his shoulders.

'If my head doesn't stop whirligigging I shall be like Mud-Head and go wiggle-waggle,' said Deer. He put his hands up to hold his head still.

'How are we going to put the drum back into the house?' asked Squash-Blossom.

'I don't know,' replied the others.

Mud-Head had been pulling the wagon back by its string tied on in front. When he reached the ladder, he climbed up a little way and tried

to pull up the wagon, but of course he couldn't; it was far too heavy.

'See what Mud-Head is doing!' yelled Eagle. 'We can take the string off the wagon, tie it onto the drum, and hoist up the drum by putting the string over the top of the ladder.'

'Of course, of course,' cried the others. 'Hooray for Mud-Head!'

Mud-Head, who could climb poles, was told to take the end of the string up the ladder and to put it over the top rung.

The four Katchinas tied the other end tight to the middle of the drum. Then Mud-Head slipped down the pole with his end of the string. He caught by his leg or his chin over every rung he passed, but finally he got down again.

'Somebody will have to ride on the drum to steer it,' suggested Squash-Blossom.

'Mud-Head will have to do it,' said Eagle. 'He's the lightest one of us. Come on Mud-Head! Get on!'

On climbed Mud-Head. The others pulled the string and up, up, up went the drum.

Mud-Head was so frightened that he shut his

eyes tight. Naturally he didn't see when he reached the top.

The Katchinas waited and waited for Mud-Head to do something. They were leaning back, pulling with all their might, growing more and more tired every minute. Their hands were about to slip off the string, when Deer looked up and saw Mud-Head with his eyes shut.

'Wake up, Numb-Skull,' he yelled. 'Catch the edge of the roof and pull the drum over!'

Mud-Head obeyed orders, and when the drum was safely landed on the roof, the Katchinas put the string back on the wagon.

They went up then and pushed and tugged and tugged and pushed until the drum was safely back in its place again.

CHAPTER VI

THE FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS HAVE A DONKEY-RIDE

When the five little Katchinas set down the heavy drum they backed into a big pile of ears of corn. Down clattered a whole row of the corn ears. They were blue, red, yellow, pink, spotted, and all colors, even black. They fell against Mud-Head and rolled him in front of them.

So much trouble it was to put back those barrelly ears. They tumbled this way and they rolled that way, with Mud-Head all the while tumbling and rolling with them, like funny little puppies all in a heap.

'Get up, Mud-Head, and help us,' called Eagle above the clatter, as if Mud-Head were not all ready doing his best to get out of the muddle.

At last Mud-Head got up and picked up a red ear of corn. He wiggle-waggled with it over to the big pile, but he couldn't reach the top, so up he climbed on the speckled ear to reach.

The speckled ear, of course, began to roll from under him. Mud-Head kept step-stepping to keep on top. He was walking on the corn like a clown walking on a rolling barrel in the circus.

'Look at Mud-Head!' called Corn-Tassel. 'He is walking on an ear of corn. Let's play circus and walk on them, too!'

'I bid for a red ear,' cried Squash-Blossom.

'Me for a blue one,' said Eagle very joyfully.

'The ears are all so pretty,' remarked Corn-Tassel, 'that it is hard to choose; but I think I shall have this pink one.'

'I'm going to walk on an orange one,' declared Deer. 'Isn't it lucky that Mud-Head has a

speckled one of many colors? He would never be able to choose a single color!'

Then the circus began and indeed it was a circus with all the scraping, mis-stepping, squealing, grabbing each other, and slipping and sliding.

Kah-plump, down sat Mud-Head astride the speckled ear! Back and forth he wiggle-waggled. His wiggle-waggling caused the speckled ear to roll back and forth faster than ever, letting

one of Mud-Head's feet touch the floor on this side, then the other foot touch on the other side.

'Mud-Head is riding his ear. What fun!' said Deer.

'Let's ride ours,' said Squash-Blossom.

'Oh, it would be better to ride on Blue-Flower's donkey,' suggested Corn-Tassel, clapping her hands at the thought.

'Yes, let's ride the donkey,' agreed the others.

They busily put away all the corn — all except the one Mud-Head was riding back and forth, because he couldn't stop to get off. The more he wiggle-waggled, the faster the ear rolled with him. The others had to help him hold still. When his ear was at last put away with the others, out went the Katchinas, bumping pell-mell into each other, to find the donkey.

Donkey-Man was in his corral fast asleep; fast asleep standing up. Such a funny way to sleep, thought the Katchinas! His head was hanging away down so that his nose almost touched the ground, and his ears were flopping down, too.

'We can climb up his ears,' whispered Corn-Tassel, very quietly, so that she wouldn't wake the donkey.

She tiptoed and caught hold of one big, hanging-down ear. *Flip-flop* went the ear. The

donkey thought Corn-Tassel was a fly trying to nibble his ear, so he flopped her right off in a jiffy.

The Katchinas helped Corn-Tassel up and dusted off her little wooden dress.

'Let's try climbing up his front legs,' suggested Eagle.

Without waiting for an answer, Eagle put his arms and legs around the donkey's right front leg, while Deer started up the left leg.

'My, but these flies and ants are getting pesky, tickling my ears and crawling up my legs,' thought the sleepy donkey. With that, Donkey-Man quivered his forelegs and off catapulted Eagle and Deer. They put out their arms and landed with a handspring, which was the only thing that saved their necks from being split in two.

Mud-Head, who saw the others catching hold of the donkey, went right behind his heels.

'Be careful of his heels, Mud-Head,' whispered Squash-Blossom, as she tried to hold him back. 'He might kick you!'

Mud-Head didn't hear her. He was too intent upon catching hold of the donkey like the others.

Squash-Blossom wasn't quick enough to stop him before he went up and caught hold of the tip of the donkey's tail to climb up it.

Swishity-swish! Around switched the tail with Mud-Head hanging to it. Around and around like a ferris wheel, until it flapped up and landed Mud-Head right up on the middle of the donkey's back, right where the others wanted to be, without any of the bother of climbing there.

'See what Mud-Head has done!' whispered Squash-Blossom. 'Let's do the way he did.'

When the tail switched back down again, Squash-Blossom caught it and up she whirled into the air, around and around. Then *plump* up on the donkey's back she landed, right behind Mud-Head.

She grabbed Mud-Head so quickly to keep from slipping that both of them almost slipped off instead.

Eagle, Deer, and Corn-Tassel each caught the swinging tail in turn and each went flying up on the donkey's back, one behind another.

The Katchinas, with grins on their faces, held each other around the waist and began kicking

their heels into the donkey's back to make him go, but he wouldn't move.

They kept on kicking and kicking.

'Now, what is that tickling my back?' thought Donkey-Man. 'I must go scratch it.'

Slowly Donkey-Man walked to the fence. The Katchinas shrieked with laughter and squeezed each other tight. The funny motion the donkey gave them felt like a man riding a camel.

They didn't laugh long, however, for when the donkey reached the fence, he rubbed his back against it. Off scraped the five Katchinas.

They flew through the air like kites. Then down, down they dropped to the ground. If it hadn't been for their wooden dresses, sticking

out so stiffly, there surely would have been nothing but broken bits of Katchinas when they *kah-blumped*.

Mud-Head was the last to fall, since he had been sitting in front. Just as he was halfway to the ground, the donkey brayed as loud as he could and kicked up his heels. His heels struck Mud-Head and sent him flying through the air to fall to the ground far away.

The other Katchinas saw poor Mud-Head twirling away through the air, as they covered their ears to keep the thunder-like braying from making them deaf.

Up they scrambled as soon as they could to run to see if anything was left of Mud-Head, surely they would have to pick up the small pieces.

When they reached him, there he lay all together. The only damage that had been done to him was a crack in his pottery head.

'Oh, Mud-Head dear,' sobbed Corn-Tassel, 'did you spill all of your brains?'

The Katchinas looked to see; but when they peeped into the crack in Mud-Head's noggin, there was nothing inside but an empty hole. He had no brains to spill.

CHAPTER VII

THE FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS ARE ALMOST GOBBLED UP

When the Katchinas looked into Mud-Head's cracked pottery head, they noticed for the first time that his feathers had been burnt off in the fire.

Then they looked at each other in astonishment. Not a single Katchina had a single feather left upon the top of his head. Squash-Blossom's and Corn-Tassel's had blown away when they slid down the ladder pole and the others' had been lost in one tumble or another.

'We can't let Blue-Flower find us without feathers when she wakes up,' said Corn-Tassel, shaking her head wistfully. 'What shall we do?'

They all sat down to think, all except Mud-Head. While the others thought, Mud-Head, who has no brains at all, as we know, went around sticking his head into all the corners and cracks and holes that he could see.

Suddenly the other Katchinas missed him.

'Where is Mud-Head?' asked Eagle.

'We'd better find him,' said Corn-Tassel, 'for he may get into trouble or mischief, since he has no sense at all.'

Up jumped the Katchinas. Each ran in a different direction to seek Mud-Head.

Squash-Blossom found him just as he was crawling through the little door into the turkey house. She grabbed him quickly by the back flap of his legless trousers and pulled him out.

'The turkeys might peck a hole through you,' she cried. 'Come on, let's tell the others.'

When the other Katchinas heard Squash-

Blossom calling, they ran quickly to where her voice sounded, and as soon as they arrived she

exclaimed: 'Mud-Head was climbing into the turkey house.'

'Maybe he heard me say feathers,' explained Corn-Tassel.

'What a good idea he had,' said Eagle. 'Let's all go in and pull some soft feathers out of Gobbler-Man's chest to put on our heads.'

'Goody, goody!' cried Corn-Tassel.

'It won't be goody, goody, if he gobbles us up instead,' said Squash-Blossom, as she hung back.

'Oh, come on, Squash-Blossom, he won't hurt us if we're careful,' said Deer, and Squash-Blossom went.

They climbed the little gang-plank leading into the turkey house, went through the door, and there sat Gobbler-Man on his perch.

He looked as if he had no head at all. His head was so carefully tucked under his wing as he sat there fast asleep.

Fortunately the perch was low, low enough for the Katchinas to touch Gobbler-Man's chest.

Tip, tip, tip, the five little Katchinas tiptoed closer and closer.

Gobbler-Man shook his wing. Back ran the Katchinas pell-mell, bumping their wooden skirts together with a clitter-clatter that sounded awfully loud to the Katchinas.

But Gobbler-Man had only been moving his head beneath his wing into a more comfortable position and the clitter-clatter of their skirts he hadn't heard at all.

Then the Katchinas peeped around and saw that Gobbler-Man was perfectly still and fast asleep.

Once more they began to *tip, tip, tip* up to him; all except Mud-Head. He dashed right up to pull out his feathers at once. Deer just did catch him in time by the flap of his black trousers.

'Wait!' whispered Deer, 'if you pull out a feather you'll wake up Gobbler-Man and he'll chase us away. Then no one else but you will get any feathers.'

'Deer's right,' said Eagle. 'We must each select two feathers and when I nod my head we must each pull the feathers out at the same time. Then we must run as fast as we can before he catches us.'

Deer selected two feathers, Eagle found two that he wanted, Corn-Tassel touched two for herself, and Squash-Blossom saw her two.

Mud-Head watched them. He thought it must be time to pull, so out went his hand to seize the feathers.

Squash-Blossom, who was next to him, grabbed him and shook her head at him.

'Ah! ah!' Mud-Head said it right out loud, and Gobbler-Man stirred on his perch.

Squash-Blossom put her hand quickly over

his mouth so he wouldn't say it again and whispered to him again what they were going to do. Then she took his finger in her hand and touched two feathers for him and told him to be ready to pull.

This time Mud-Head finally understood and did what he was told. He always did whatever he was told to do when he understood, but it was very hard for him to understand just whispering. And, of course, the Katchinas had to whisper to keep from waking up Gobbler-Man.

When they were all ready, Eagle nodded his head and everybody pulled the feathers at once.

As the feathers came out, out, too, came Gobbler-Man's head with a jerk. He was so angry that his red wattles wagged and flip-flopped from side to side.

'*Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble!*' he shrieked, as he jumped from his perch, spread his wings, and came running after the Katchinas.

Mud-Head was the last one to start running. He had to see the others running first, you know, so Gobbler-Man made an awful peck at him. He pecked Mud-Head's pottery head and made

a long, new crack in it. It really hurt Gobbler-Man's beak more than it hurt Mud-Head.

Deer caught Mud-Head's arm and jerked him out of the turkey house just in time for the other Katchinas to slam the door and escape Gobbler-Man. As it was they slammed the door right against Gobbler-Man's bill and made him *gobble-gobble-gobble* loud enough to wake up the whole village. They bolted the door and ran away as fast as they could run.

They could still hear him *gobble-gobble-gobbling* inside and it made them shudder to think of what a narrow escape they had had.

Right down upon the ground they tumbled all out of breath; all except Mud-Head. He stood up rubbing the crack in his head.

'Never mind, Mud-Head,' consoled Squash-Blossom, 'there is nothing inside to spill, you know, and the new crack only looks like a jolly wrinkle.'

'Where are our feathers?' exclaimed Squash-Blossom.

'Oh dear, we have lost them!' cried Eagle. 'What shall we do?'

CHAPTER VIII

THE FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS HAVE AN AIRPLANE FLIGHT

WHAT could the little Katchinas do without their feathers? They could not let Blue-Flower find them without feathers!

They all sat down to think — all except Mud-Head, who has nothing with which to think.

While the Katchinas were thinking, Mud-Head went snooping around and climbing around, until he finally climbed up on old man Red-Feather's roof.

Now old man Red-Feather had an eagle tethered to a stake driven into his roof. Like Turkey-Gobbler, Eagle-Man was fast asleep with his head tucked under his wing.

'Where is Mud-Head?' suddenly asked Corn-Tassel. 'He has gone again! What shall we ever do with Mud-Head?'

'We must find him,' said Deer.

'Oh dear, I don't know where to look,' said Squash-Blossom, with a sigh.

'I think I saw him climbing ladders,' said Eagle. 'Maybe we shall find him on top of a house.'

There were four different sides to the court-yard, so the Katchinas set out to climb each side in succession. They went up on the first side, but no Mud-Head could be seen. On the second side there was still no Mud-Head; but on the third side, they saw him on old man Red-Feather's roof, going right straight to his eagle.

They could not call to him, for they would wake up all the dogs to howl, which would wake all the people to peep, and wake up the Eagle.

The Eagle has long claws called talons, that can tear little animals into pieces, and he has a sharp, sharp curled beak like an awful knife. They did not want to wake up the Eagle.

Patter-patter-patter-patter ran eight little feet quickly across the dirt roofs.

The Katchinas reached Mud-Head just as he was putting out his hand to touch the Eagle. Back they jerked him so suddenly that he sat down upon the dirt, with his feet bounding up as high as his head in the air.

'Ah-ah!' grunted Mud-Head, for he did not know what it was all about.

'Come back,' whispered Squash-Blossom, 'before the Eagle tears you into pieces!'

Mud-Head pointed to the lovely black and white feathers. They were just the kind that the Katchinas had had before.

'Oh, these are the kind of feathers we should have!' exclaimed Corn-Tassel.

'So they are,' replied Eagle, 'but how shall we get them? It will be all up with us, if the Eagle catches us!'

'Perhaps if we climb up on his back quickly before he wakes up, he cannot reach us there,' said Deer.

'I'm dreadfully afraid,' said Corn-Tassel, 'but we must have feathers. We shall have to try climbing on his back.'

'We must all scamper up in a hurry while he is waking,' warned Eagle.

While the Katchinas had been discussing getting the feathers, Mud-Head had gone to the stake where the Eagle was tied.

The stake was wood and Mud-Head was wood, except his head.

Mud-Head pulled and pulled until he pulled the loop of twine off of the stake. Then he stepped into the loop and pulled it tight up around his waist. The other end, of course, was still tied to the Eagle's leg.

Mud-Head thought it was so funny to play stake that he gurgled, 'Ah-ah,' and jumped up and down on the roof.

In the mean time, the other four Katchinas had all scrambled together up on the Eagle's back.

The Eagle woke with a scream and a leap. When he jumped he found himself freed from his stake. He spread his great wings and leaped off the roof in fright and flight, with the other Katchinas on his back and Mud-Head dangling from the twine around his leg.

The right wing, from which old man Red-Feather had removed one of the bones, so that the Eagle could not fly very high, was weaker than the left wing. As the Eagle began flying his right side was lower.

Slip, slip, slip over the slippery feathers to the right slipped the four Katchinas. Away over on the wing they slid and down, down went the right wing, pulling the Eagle clear over, upside down.

The Katchinas were holding on for dear life. They could not even squeal.

A strong wind caught the Eagle and whirled him over and over and over in a barrel roll. One moment the Katchinas were right side up and the next they were clinging to the upturned Eagle by his feathers, with their heads down. The clump of feathers to which Corn-Tassel was holding pulled out.

'Oh!' she squealed as she left the Eagle's back and the feathers from her hand went sailing away like tiny kites.

In a twinkling, as she was flying off into the air, Eagle reached out with one hand and caught her. But she was too heavy for him to hold and he felt himself pulling away, too, when Deer and

Squash-Blossom both reached out and held them until Corn-Tassel could catch a new bunch of feathers.

All this time poor Mud-Head went spinning far out, around and around.

The wind must have been laughing, for it suddenly changed its direction and blew from the other way, spinning the Great Eagle around and around from the other side.

The feathers were growing slippery in the Katchinas' warm hands. They were losing their grips. They felt their hands slipping loose. In a moment they would all go tumbling.

Then suddenly the wind stopped. The Great Eagle righted himself and lifted his head to fly higher.

Back, back down his sloping back skidded the four Katchinas, on down to his tail, and on off they would have gone if Squash-Blossom's foot had not caught in the twine that had twisted around the Great Eagle's tail, as Mud-Head spun in the air.

The Katchinas were all clinging desperately; but they had slipped so far back that they pulled

the Great Eagle over backwards, high up in the air. Over he dipped into a tail slip and on into a tail spin, with Mud-Head flying out in large circles in the air.

The other four Katchinas went slipping back and forth from the Great Eagle's neck to his tail; then from wing to wing as he spun, thinking each moment that they would fall off and shoot like a sky rocket returning to the ground.

Downward came the Eagle spinning through the air, until with a great effort and the help of the wind he stopped the tail spin; but he began to teeter-totter from side to side in the falling leaf, dashing the Katchinas from the end of one wing over to the other, back and forth, back and forth, as if they would be dashed off from the very tip each time; and jerking Mud-Head up and down and up and down on his string, which surely would have cut him in two if he had not been made of wood.

'*Clinck, clinck, clinck*' bumped the little wooden dresses, and '*Yoo-oo-oo, Yoo-oo-oo!*' whistled the wind.

The Great Eagle was growing more and more tired all the time.

At last with his head down, the Great Eagle made a quick nose dive to the ground, right into a pile of sand.

The Katchinas were holding tight to his feathers; but he bumped so hard and so suddenly that the feathers to which they were clinging jerked out. Each little Katchina tumbled into the sand with two hands full of feathers.

Mud-Head went into the sand with such force that he was buried head down up to his waist.

The other Katchinas scuffled up as soon as their breath came back and looked for Mud-Head.

'Look at those legs waving in the air,' cried Deer. 'That must be Mud-Head!'

'Oh, he is buried! He is smothering. Dig him out quick!' cried Corn-Tassel.

They dug and dug. Out came Mud-Head's fat tummy; out came Mud-Head's chubby arms;

out came his pudgy neck and out came his noddle all stuffed with sand.

There was so much sand in his mouth that he could not breathe and so much sand in his eyes that he could not see.

Swiftly the Katchinas dug the sand out of his eyes. As quickly they cleaned out his mouth. He was not breathing. Up and down, up and down, they worked his arms to start his breath coming again. They had to work *very* fast and it was such a long time that tears began to fall from all of their eyes. It looked as if Mud-Head would never breathe again.

What was that! Oh, it was Mud-Head gurgling, 'Ah-ah!' Mud-Head was all right. He was going to breathe again!

He was breathing funny! What was the matter? Oh, it was the twine around his waist! It had grown tighter and tighter as Mud-Head had twirled through the air. He couldn't breathe with such a tight belt. They pulled and tugged and tugged and pulled at the twine, but they could not budge it.

'Hurry up, hurry up!' whispered Squash-

Blossom. 'The other end is still fastened to the Great Eagle. If he flies away again he will take Mud-Head with him!'

But with all of the pulling and all of the tugging, the twine would not come off.

Then Mud-Head groaned 'Ah-ah!' so hard that it drew his fat little tummy away in and off slid the twine down over his knees and clear to the ground. It felt so much more comfortable that Mud-Head leaped up and down in glee and he leaped right out of the loop of twine.

Poor Great Eagle stood by panting with exhaustion.

'Well, anyway, Mud-Head,' said Squash-Blossom, 'because of you we had a regular airplane ride!'

'And gee! wasn't it exciting,' cried Eagle.

'We have our feathers, too,' said Corn-Tassel, who ran to pick up the feathers where they had fallen. 'I'm not a bit sorry you untied the twine, Mud-Head.'

'Nor am I,' exclaimed Deer. 'It was bully great fun!'

But all that Mud-Head could say was 'Ah-ah!'

CHAPTER IX

THE FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS GROW TIRED

'See the sky,' exclaimed Eagle all of a sudden.

'It is growing bright,' added Deer.

'Yes, the sun is coming up,' cried Corn-Tassel.

'We mustn't let Blue-Flower find us outside when she gets up,' said Squash-Blossom.

'No, we must not,' agreed the others.

'But we must have on our feathers, too,' said Squash-Blossom. 'Somebody help me fix mine and I will help him.'

'All right, I will,' replied Deer.

The Katchinas fixed each others' feathers, all except poor Mud-Head, who did not have any feathers to fix.

They clambered up their ladder and ran into Blue-Flower's room. There they leaned against the wall just as they had fallen when the pole-for-soft-things had knocked them down. Mud-Head leaned with the others.

'What will Blue-Flower think of Mud-Head's pottery top-knot?' asked Deer.

'Oh, I don't know,' cried Corn-Tassel.

'What shall we do? Somebody think! Think quickly!' cried Squash-Blossom.

The Katchinas began to think. The more they tried the less they really thought. They were ready to give up and the big red wake-them-up sun was slowly, slowly coming up. Blue-Flower would be up in a moment.

Mud-Head grew tired of waiting for them to think what he should do, so he went over by the fireplace and lay down with his head near the warm ashes.

'See Mud-Head,' exclaimed Corn-Tassel. 'He's

exactly right. Blue-Flower will think he fell there and the fire baked his head.'

'Get closer into the ashes, Mud-Head,' whispered Eagle. And Mud-Head put his head right into the ashes.

They were all so tired that soon the Katchinas fell fast asleep like little chunks of wood.

When Blue-Flower crawled out of her red and blue blanket, rubbing her eyes awake and hugging her flat play-with doll, she saw her beautiful Katchinas fallen from the wall.

'Oh, Tah!' she called to her father, 'see what has happened to my *beautiful* Katchinas. The pole-for-soft-things has knocked them all down and their feathers are crooked! You'll have to put more colored clay on them, for they're all scratched up, too! And look, oh look, at poor Mud-Head! He fell into the fire. His head is baked into a pot and all cracked open! You precious old Mud-Head!'

And Blue-Flower picked up Mud-Head and hugged him first of all.

THE END

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FIVE LITTLE KATCHINAS

BY

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